



Strange Encounter



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Chapter 1 by Ewa Kroplewski

-Chapter 1-

The future is inhabited by aliens from outer space in 2053 and Brock Spanier is called on to save the world from an elaborate invasion. Brock needs to use his expertise to identify aliens who are disguised as humans. Brock exits his house dressed in his exploration gear which gives him the advantage of night vision and protective materials that keep him from getting hurt by any foreign objects. Brock had to develop a plan in order to seek and find the aliens.

"I will simply go to the local hangout and locate anyone who looks suspicious" Brock thought to himself. He believed that this was an adequate approach to solve his problem.

That evening Brock set out to his objective. He dress in common people clothes and made his way to one of the local bars where he thought he would find the maximum amount of alien entities disguised as common people. Brock had to convince and persuade himself that he was a common person who does common things. He had worked at the Alien Investigation Unit for so many years he no longer knew how to fit in with anyone else who didn't work at the precinct. Brock stepped up to the bar and ordered a drink, "One beer...Uh...please," he said nervously. Brock was 37 years old but felt uneasy at such a public place. This task was proving to be more challenging than he had thought. Consequently he was drawing too much attention to himself by being too polite about such a common every day event like going to a bar and ordering a drink. Brock decided to sit at the bar and watch the soccer game that was on the TV. Brock didn't know anything about soccer, but he did know that many of the locals loved the game and made a big deal out of every match that was played. He pretended to be interested, but used this time to scan the room in front of him for anyone or anything that looked suspicious.

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true identity was to go over and talk to them. Brock thought of himself as an elegant and charming man, so he had no problem walking over to speak with three lovely ladies--who he suspected were aliens!

"Ladies, pleased to meet you. Let me introduce myself, my name is Brock. Can I buy you all a round of drinks to celebrate the big game tonight?" Brock said smoothly with a charming grin on his face. It was essential for him to appear normal in a situation like this.

After a few drinks and watching the game on TV with the girls, Brock decided it was safe to demonstrate his detective abilities on these women who were slightly suspicious to him.

"Where are you all from? I myself was born right here in Chicago---the windy city! I grew up down the street in Wicker Park and went to school at Holy Trinity. My family was a touch religious, but I always found myself to be more spiritual than anything else. It devastated my grandmother for years" Brock stopped himself before he gave away too much information about himself and before it got too suspicious. He continued, "Angela, Amy, Ashley, are you from around here too?" He waited for them to answer.

Silence. Silence. Silence.

Brock spoke up, "Was I wrong to assume we were all having a good time together? I just want to get to know you all a bit more and have a conversation. What, you girls don't like having conversations?"

Silence. Silence. Silence.

Brock was puzzled. "I don't want to start an argument, but why won't you ladies speak to me?"

Did I do something wrong?"

Silence. Silence. Silence.

"Won't any of you contribute to the conversation?" Brock finally said. He was getting very frustrated with the three women, but he knew he was getting to the point where he would find out if they are just being uninterested women or aliens in disguise. The women continued to stare at him blankly. Brock looked at them with concern. Then suddenly he looked closely at the woman in the middle. She was a tall blonde with curly hair dressed in a blue dress. As he looked at her he noticed that there was a breeze coming from the ventilation system in the bar and a piece of the woman's skin appeared to be loose. How could he have not noticed it before?

Brock jumped up in his seat and took out his high tech stungun and exclaimed, "Stop! Don't move! You're under arrest!"

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The three women looked stunned. They simultaneously blinked at Brock.

Blink. Blink. Blink.

“Ladies. I will need to take you into the precinct. Please stand up and prepare be escorted by patrol car to the precinct.” The woman stood up and followed Brock’s instructions emotionlessly.

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